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'OUR MAN IN X'

A Spy Is a Dash of This, a Dash of That

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WASHINGTON—What sort of a man makes a good spy?

Some experts say a college professor and some say a cutthroat.

Some say a man of unquestioned honesty who can be trusted with millions. Others say a crook who would steal his mother's bridgework.

Some say a man who blends in with a crowd because no one will notice him. Others say someone who stands out because no one will suspect same one so obvious of being a spy.

The correct answer would probably be "all of them." All these types and many more have followed the profession of espionage.

Here are just a few of them. Some are famous, some not, but all were good agents.

"Pink Eye" was an albino. He stood five feet seven inches tall and weighed more than 200 pounds. He had reddish eyes that were always watering. He liked to wear rumpled white linen suits while he waddled down the streets of North African villages looking like a German.

His wife told him by a good flame and carried herself

was—a faded diva from the Vienna Opera House in the old Hapsburg days. The two of them Mutt-and-Jeffed their way through Europe and North Africa, inconspicuously as a fire at sea . . .

Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman.

Although he was decorated for bravery in conducting a hazardous and risky counter-espionage ring in Germany, he speaks English.

When not running the nation's intelligence community he works diligently and vainly in an effort to get the Washington baseball gamblers into the first division . . .

One of the most famous counter-espionage officers in the Office of Strategic Services admitted his love with the OSS was the first and only time he ever loved anybody.

A wealthy playboy, the only thing he ever bothered with that even looked like regular employment was to carry on a running court battle for

larger share of his grandmother's estate . . .

Another highly qualified man in American intelligence today is a former Trotskyist. He knows his early years of silence only rarely.

Others don't have any names. They are double agents who work both sides of the street selling information for the best price. The double agent is the marginal business man of intelligence.

He and his counter-part play a deadly international game of "Going to Jerusalem." When the odds seem to be better to be in the right spot on the winning side.

More than one Allied agent picked in official gear and story is a double who played both ends and then picked Uncle Sam as a winner just in time.

It is hard to tell of a spy and intelligence in terms of men like these, for they often make dramatic and startling contributions.

Agent Dulles, for example, discovered the existence of German bomb installers and personnel.

As a result of his work we were able to bomb the installation out of commission and the bomb production was all over.

But the real story of the mainstream of espionage is a different matter.

Spionage is the continuous churning out of data. It is the running of countless messages, most of them confidential. It is running to the railroad tracks and catching freight cars as they rumble past. It is an endless chain of whispered

meetings. It is the constant remembering of detail.

The only cause that livens this routine glow is the knowledge that a mistake, a slip, a seemingly unrelated detail forgotten—any of these can mean death.

Whittaker Chambers must have been speaking for a

espionage agents everywhere when he said:

"Its mystery quickly becomes a bore, its secrecy a burden and its involved way of doing things a nuisance. Its object is never to provide excitement but to avoid it. Thrills mean that something has gone wrong. The mysterious character of under-

ground work is merely a tedious daily labor to keep thrills from happening."

Adm. Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, former director of the CIA, described the modern agent this way:

"Today's intelligence operator is more likely than not a researcher engaged in hard, painstaking work, poring over foreign newspapers and magazines, reference works and similar material. He carefully puts feet upon feet, until the whole outline appears and the details begin to fill in."

To fill the needs of modern intelligence in the face of burgeoning technology and ever-expanding requirements around the globe, the CIA is raising its already high personnel standards.

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The agency has started a junior officers' training course that is reportedly the toughest thing of its kind in the government. A man applying for work in some CIA fields who doesn't hold a master's degree might just as well be a drinker or a drifter for all the chance he has.

While the intelligence community of military and civilian